

Well, you think of something

# WORONI

to put in these two spaces..!

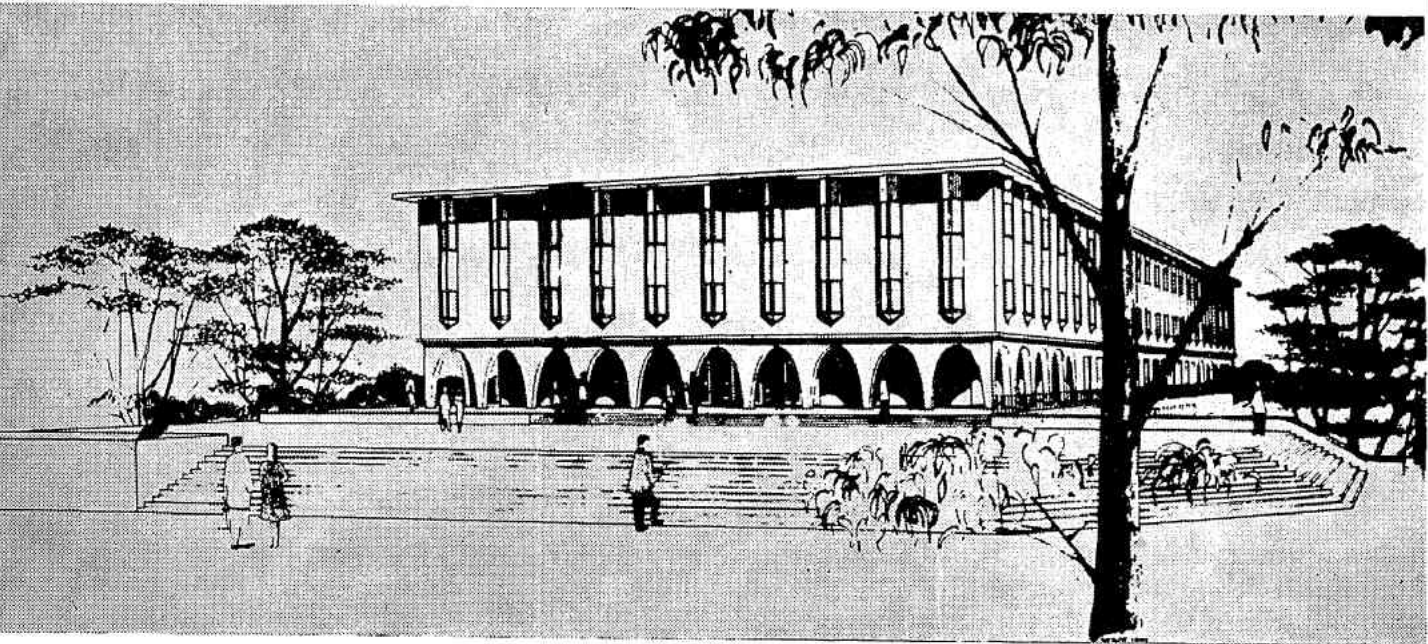
FREE THE NEWSPAPER OF THE A.N.U. STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION MAY, 1962

## Space for twice as many books, nearly four times as many students OUR NEW LIBRARY—IT'S REAL

### PROBABLY THE FINEST, BUT..

Though the new A.N.U. Library (at right) will probably be the finest at any rural Australian University, examination of the plans reveals several anomalies: First, men's toilets situated on second floor seem to ignore the plight of the student in the basement or lower ground floor. The staff common room features a dishwasher and showers and refrigerator. Cocktail cabinet optional. The students' approaches are by way of steps, which means that students in advanced stages of pregnancy will be prevented from using the library.

(PAGE TWO: How to sneak books out of our new library.)



### Two-Up should make a profit

It is likely that "Two-Up," the current revue, will be a financial success.

There is a generally pleasing blend of the ingredients which are likely to please Canberra audiences in greater numbers than the ill-fated but very clever One-Up.

Choosing a programme of wider appeal was a wise move at this stage of the development of the university. There is a freshness and, for the most part, an innocence in the approach of the players to their task of entertaining audiences whose tastes are still distinctly sensitive to the kind of humour which distinguishes most university revues from Sunday School concerts.

Backstage work is very ably handled by Bruce McLaughlan. It is a pity that he was not spared the task of stage management. The items in which he appeared are of a more mature execution than anything else in the revue. Big Bad Bob boomed out excellently despite some minor lapses in the timing of light cues.

Peter Simpson gives a delightful performance in that witty West Irian song and shows an exuberance in his other work which was decidedly superior to most of the other performers, with the marked exception of Klim Gollan and Frances Mercer.

Julian Hartley gives a well-sustained series of performances and in general acted as the Big Daddy of the company. It is very easy to over-play that particular role, and Julian is inclined to err in that regard.

There seems to be a general inability of the cast to master the often necessary poker face. Sketches of the Flying Disks type mostly require a straight faced approach. The success of Queenston, the singing commercial, is evidence of how effective that style of delivery can be.

The only major script of the evening is somewhat spoilt by an inane grin of the face of the lead, Chris Jay. His other performance, though of high quality diction and timing are all marred by that "one-up" grin.

Greensleeves and Two-Up Ballet are well staged and delightfully executed (quite apart from the ghastly effect of the green spot in Greensleeves). The dancing and singing items are unusual for a satirical revue but, strangely, don't seem to cut across the spirit of the whole show.

The intelligently controlled singing of Heather Cartwright, particularly in C'est si Bon, is worth waiting for. Pity the paucity of original tunes in Two-Up.

In general then, the A.N.U. revue 1962 is a worthwhile effort which entertains without demanding exhausting mental energy from audiences.

**SUGGESTION:** The S.R.C. would gain quick and easy revenue, and provide a welcome service, by running a coffee stall for intervals at A.N.U. productions. The Common Room might well be opened for such use.

NEIL MacPHERSON.

### MALAYANS PREFERRED PEOPLE TO PLACES Full programme for undergrad visitors

Eight undergraduates, four from the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur, two from the University of Singapore, and two from Nanyang, the Chinese University in Singapore, recently spent two and a half days in Canberra during their five-week tour of Australian Universities under the auspices of the N.U.A.U.S.

It was unfortunate that the visit coincided with the Easter-Anzac Day holiday break, but with this period two days longer than usual, and the stringent demands of such a short tour, it had to be either Hobart or Canberra. They missed seeing Tasmania altogether.

Four of the visitors were billeted, two were deposited in Peter Ryan's flat in Condamine Court (the name fascinated the delegation leader, Rommel Josef, whose name in turn fascinated us—born 1941) and the remaining two were accommodated in Bruce Hall.

Bill Roff from the Institute of Advanced Studies and Param Singh (in his capacity as vice-president of the International Club) organised a most successful party in the meetings room at University House on the Monday night. Records, people and beer, culled from University House, Lennox House, Bruce Hall and the Nurses' Home, combined to make an enjoyable evening.

#### To Institute

On Tuesday, the delegation met Mr. Yusuf Ariff, in charge at the Malayan High Commission in the absence of the High Commissioner and his First Secretary. In the afternoon they inspected some of the Institute buildings. These were not of particular interest to them, however, as none was a scientist and the only medical student was disappointed to find there was not time to see the John Curtin School.

Afternoon tea in the Students' Common Room was not as successful as it might have been since so many of our leading lights were on holiday, and those present

seemed generally reluctant to come forward and introduce themselves. A relaxed evening was spent at the Jessop home, where the delegation met a few more of the S.R.C. members.

#### Fond Farewell

Wednesday, April 25, 10.30 a.m. saw us at the War Memorial. After the service, the delegation was shown the sights dutifully and at times enjoyably. All met for dinner and were treated to good food, wine and a rendering (influenced somewhat by generous doses of Canadian whisky) of the Singapore National Anthem by Francis C. K. Chen.

Billetees and The Canberra Times photographer (who once again only just made it) waved a fond farewell at Fairbairn at 9.30 a.m. on Thursday.

The work of those who billeted the visitors and organised activities was well rewarded by the charm and

friendliness of the delegates. Their cynicism and lack of interest in much of what they were shown and had been shown in Melbourne and Adelaide surprised me a little, but some of this may be attributable to the sameness of the programmes in each city, and to general fatigue—late nights for two and a half weeks and several thousand miles of train and plane travel tend to dull the senses.

They were all, however, eager to meet people and seemed to retain more definite impressions of the people they had met in the universities of Perth, Melbourne and Adelaide than of what they had seen and done. Their motto perhaps: "Meeting people is fun."

As they left they presented the S.R.C. with numerous brightly coloured pennants, booklets on Nanyang University, and a record of the Singapore National Anthem!

SHIRLEY JESSOP

### Completion scheduled for June next year

The first stage of the School of General Studies' new library, scheduled to be completed in June next year, will have study space for about 360 students and will accommodate 150,000 books. The present library has room for 100 students and 76,000 books.

The second phase, to be built in about six years' time, will increase the capacity of the library to 500,000 books and provide study space for 1,000 students.

The lower ground floor of the four-storey building will in the first stage be devoted to staff common rooms, maintenance, and so on. In the second stage it will have a record library, with facilities for group and individual listening, and shelving for about 170,000 books.

The entrance will be at the eastern end of the ground floor, which will be mainly taken up by a lobby which will contain the catalogues and reference books (up to 5,500 of them). The circulation desk will also, naturally, be in the lobby. The ground floor will also contain a periodicals room.

In the second stage the periodicals room will be enlarged and a separate room capable of holding about

40,000 volumes of bound periodicals will be added. Plans also provide for a separate newspaper reading room and a rare books room to be added at that time on the ground floor.

In the first stage most of the study area will be on the first floor while most books will be on the second floor. The study facilities of the first floor will be of two types, individual and open table. The individual tables will be 3ft. by 2ft. and will be enclosed on three sides by 4ft. 2in. high partitions which will form a "booth" 4ft. by 3ft. There will be open tables each seating about six students for those gregarious students who can't study in solitude. About two-thirds of the study space on

the second floor will be in the form of individual tables, the rest will be open.

On the second floor there will be about 46 reading tables. These will be allocated to honours and post-graduate students and will have shelving in which personal papers and books can be kept and which will be fitted with wire-fronted doors. When not in use by the students to which they have been allocated these tables will be available for use by pass students.

On each of the first and second floors there will be two sound-proofed group study rooms for use by students whose work necessitates conversation. There will also be a typing room, accommodating four students on each of these floors.

#### No Law Books

Reserved books will be kept at a glassed-in desk on the first floor. Also on the first floor will be books which are often used by undergrads. Shelving for this purpose will be able to hold nearly 14,000 books.

When the second stage is completed half the study space will be on the first floor and half on the second, the books will similarly be split between the two floors. Additional typing rooms will also be provided in the second stage.

The new library will contain the books at present housed at Childers Street, excepting the law collection, and also the science collection which is temporarily housed in the Physics building.

The library will be opposite the Sullivan's Creek end of the Haydon-Allen building and adjacent to the Union buildings.

The plans for the library are in the Periodicals room at Childers Street for the benefit of interested students. The Associate Librarian will welcome any suggestions students wish to make.

NEIL MacPHERSON.

### Think big, said Frazer — but it was still a dull meeting

We must start thinking bigger... So said 1961 SRC President Ron Frazer in his lengthy annual report last week. There was disappointingly little of that particular brand of thinking evident at the Annual General Meeting itself. A small band of members looked on with casual interest.

Again, one was treated to the dull, very dull spectacle of would-be limelight seekers who have so much to learn about that art so prized among university students everywhere: The young lawyer on the way up (admittedly), grasping the unique opportunity of conducting an argument on trivial details of procedure; future (?) politicians dampening the eyes of many with appeals to "rank-and-file members"; and a scientist's scientist of many words—these provided

excellent ingredients for a really scintillating student meeting. But no. Frazer's appeal for big thinking went skidding off into limbo.

In marked contrast, the remarks in the annual report under the sub-head... a few suggestions, are worth consideration. One puzzle, perhaps, over the phrase "previous conceptual formulation" with regard to the delimitation of the functions of S.R.C. and Union Committee. The crux of the argument is that: with the approach of the Students' Union Building at this university, now is the time for serious thought to be given to the problem of ensuring

that the wishes of the students are not unheeded when the governing body of the Union is set up. This could easily be left till the students look around to find that they have only a small representation of the student body. A minimum of 50 per cent student representation on such a body, is an ideal not beyond the limits of sound policy or of present practice in other places.

A weekly news-sheet seems to be called for. The editor of this paper ad his staff couldn't agree more. Since the beginning of the year, the production of Woroni has faced the same difficulty as always. There is no printing set-up in this city which can guarantee to print Woroni in under two weeks from the arrival of copy. Allowing a maximum of two weeks to collect copy from the enthusiastic hordes at the A.N.U. means that it is impossible under present conditions to produce Woroni often enough for it to cope

**Second Term Fees**  
Second term fees are payable from May 14 to June 1. A late fee of £2 will be payable after June 2.  
C. G. PLOWMAN,  
Acting Registrar.

# LECTURES —A PAIN IN THE NECK

By You Know Who!

Lectures have been described as a process whereby information is transferred from the notes of a lecturer to the notes of a group of students without passing through the minds of either.

I don't know whether this statement is uniformly true; it probably isn't. However in my opinion it is true to a large extent in the physical sciences.

Having survived two years of a science course I have come to the conclusion that lectures are a magnificent method for wasting the time of both staff and students and hence the taxpayers' money. What could be more ridiculous than a lecturer reading out his notes at the same time as writing them on a blackboard while six, 40, or 100 students transcribe them from the blackboard into their notes. The fact that the students are usually a line or two behind the lecturer adds considerably to the effect.

True, the lecturer may occasionally stop to explain some point or other but this is generally taken by students as an opportunity to catch up with him. Questions, when asked, generally only go to show how little attention is being paid to the substance of the lecture.

Indeed it is near impossible while industriously transcribing it.

"How to Study" experts tell us in Orientation week not to take complete notes—sometimes not to take notes at all—but to attempt to write a short running summary of the lecture after it is over. For arts, economics and law students this may be all right but for science students it would be folly in the extreme. It is impossible to further condense a lecture on group theory or quantum mechanics.

## Tutorials Would Be Better

The nett result of all this is that a student ends a lecture with a few more pages of notes filled with Greek and Gothic letters than he started with, but not the faintest inkling what they are about.

Surely the system could be vastly improved by giving students duplicated notes, scrapping lectures, and replacing them by a system of tutorials in which students could ask for an explanation of those parts of the notes which they cannot understand. One such tutorial a week would probably be sufficient.

This would reduce the mistakes made in the process of writing notes as well as avoiding the idiotic questions which some students feel impelled to ask during lectures—presumably to show they are not sleeping.

It may be argued that this will involve a large amount of secretarial work. This could be cut down considerably if lecturers included in their notes specific references to text books. The notes handed out to students would then contain a set of references and some supplementary material.

Even if the amount of secretarial work is still high it must be remembered that under the present system the same amount of work is done at considerably greater expense. A highly qualified (and highly paid) lecturer acts as the typist while up to 100 students replace a single duplicating machine.

Probably nothing will ever be done about this. The very idea of doing away with "live" lectures is repugnant to our way of thinking. The suggestion that perhaps the printed word is easier to understand than the spoken word is repulsive.

But perhaps—just possibly—somebody who is somebody will one day suddenly realise the wastefulness of the present system. Then we may see some action.

## LETTERS

### The E.U. answers Brewster

SIR, Due to the misconceptions aroused by Mr. Brewster's letter in the last issue of Woroni concerning the Evangelical Union, clarification of a few points is considered necessary.

E.U. is a society for those people who wish to know more about the Christian faith. The distinction between the beliefs of E.U. (as expressed in the Doctrinal Basis) and the beliefs of S.C.M. is one which exists in all branches of Protestantism. Hence we do not have peculiar beliefs which we force on people; people have these beliefs and then join E.U. which is made up of those who believe these things. If some disagree with these, they do not have to join. E.U. members discuss their beliefs with non-E.U. members and this would not be a university if this did not occur.

We feel that just as the A.L.P. club would not permit a supporter of the Liberal-Country Party as its President, we need people on the committee who agree with our Doctrinal Basis.

Just because we base our beliefs on a Doctrinal Basis, does not mean that we do not think about them. If all our beliefs were cut and dried and we had no question about them we would not need an E.U.

HILARY J. KINGSTON,  
GREGORY SCHEUL.

## HOW TO SNEAK BOOKS OUT OF THE LIBRARY

Among the many changes forecast in the first issue of this paper was that of the planning of a new library. The plans of the building itself have been completed and work is proceeding. In order to be fully prepared to use the new facilities we produce this handy guide:

It is universally recognised that every library staff sets out cunningly and skillfully to impede the academic progress of students. Confusion is the key to a successful library—see the Fisher library in the University of Sydney.

The two essential ingredients required to set the librarian on the path of success are: Making absolutely sure that there are insufficient copies of all essential reading texts and photostats, and making doubly sure of curbing student enthusiasm by regulating borrowing time in such a way that no student with an average reading speed will have a chance of completing any set book without incurring a heavy fine.

Such administrative subtlety can only be fought successfully with the same weapon. Namely, to sneak that text out for any period or forever:



- Kick your bag or briefcase along the floor past the main desk and pick it up with the concealed goodies as you open the door to leave.
- Put a photostat inside a manilla folder and carry the folder where it can be seen.
- Break a collarbone or arm and conceal the text in the sling.
- Gift wrap it.

- Girls put that high hair style to good use—conceal a book in the new coiffure.
- For the mechanically minded: Lower the book on wires from the library window to an accomplice.
- Wrap it in newspaper and stuff it into the garbage tin, to be collected from the local dump at your leisure.

- Threaten violence to the librarian unless . . .
- Become a librarian.

These are only a few very old and well tried methods. The only limit to the variety will be the ingenuity of the student body. And we all have unbounded confidence in that

# Let's look again at Randolph Stow's achievement

By Bob Smith

It has been suggested that Randolph Stow's book of poems, *Act One* (1957) and his three novels: "A Haunted Land" (1956), "The By-stander" (1957) and "To The Island" (which received the Miles Franklin award in 1958) "constitute a creative achievement with which local critics have not yet quite come to terms."

So now that the first gush of enthusiasm has subsided perhaps we are in a better position to make a more sober estimate of this "mature young writer" who can be spoken of as having written "nothing less than an Australian Lear!"

Just what is Stow's achievement? Does it lie merely in his promise or has he already achieved something which is well worth reading and "coming to terms with"? The answer is I think very definitely Yes, so long as we don't swamp Stow with undeserved extravagances.

His first novel "A Haunted Land" is an intensive study of an isolated family held together in enforced isolation on their Western Australian property, by a possessive father, Andrew Maguire. He lives in continual fear of losing his children's love—a love

which has meant everything to him since his wife's death—yet a love which turns out to be destructive and evil. It is this central theme of death in love and life in death which preoccupies Stow throughout his writings and which he treats with varying degrees of success.

## Abnormal Psychology

To point to the subject matter does nothing however to suggest the whole haunted atmosphere of the Malin homestead—and it is this very atmosphere which makes the story so memorable. Stow has been criticised however for being melodramatic and unconvincing in this book. And at times it does seem that Stow has read too much abnormal psychology. Just how credible are the many outbursts of rage, the numerous murders and the continual incursions of natural disturbances every-time something goes wrong at Malin?

Yet contrived and melodramatic though the story may seem at times—it is strangely convincing (at times too convincing for our comfort)—especially when read alongside passages of cool calm prose which do much to convey a sympathetic understanding of the hard harsh conflict. One such example is the following passage. Adelaide is in a moment of calm, thinking

back over the past family conflicts:

"We are all so . . . so frighteningly singular; there's not one of us who really knows another. At first I thought I knew them. I thought Martin was just reserved and dependable and Nick erratic and immature, I thought there was no more to Anne than gaiety and a sharp tongue, or to Patrick than high spirits and a rather boyish conceit of manhood. But to everyone of them there's nothing more, and it's something I don't understand. "And how can I ever have thought I knew them? When have we ever showed ourselves to one another? Our life together has been a series of little meetings and little conversations; we can never really learn anything, never progress, because we have never really been together."

## An Aspect Overlooked

Then again, how natural and yet how revealing is the simple description of Martin preparing to meet his girl friend (unknown to his father).

"Martin had made up his mind. At least he knew what he was going to do. He glanced down at his clothes to see if he was sufficiently respectable for the occasion. His shirt was clean enough, and his trousers were not bad; he didn't think that the rip above the knee would bother anyone. His hands were less satisfactory so he went over to the pump and washed them, and cleaned his nails with a piece of wire; combed his hair with his fingers, brushed the caked mud from his boots with a handful of grass, and tightened his belt, because a light belt had a reassuring feeling. Being now more neat than was quite comfortable, he set out for Strathmore."

This is one aspect of Stow's writing which tends to be passed over by critics who are so impressed by the

more striking purple passages of rich natural description.

## Not Wider Control

Yet master though he may be of visual description there are times when Stow seems to be grappling with a world which is not always emotionally under his control. Indeed this first novel of Stow seems to have been as much a process of self-exploration and purgation as of creation—an exploration which is, judging from the muddled ending, far from complete.

Just how is one to read the second last paragraph? "she had thought that there was nothing left in the world for her, but she had been mistaken . . . there had been one comfort still, that he had not doubted himself. And suddenly she found that that was everything, that it was her reason for continuing to live. Death and loneliness and the loss of love were nothing beside this; for her whole remaining world was built on the faith that his pride and self-assurance were unshaken."

Now it is obvious from the context that Maguire has no further pride or self-assurance—he is a cracked man, so how can Adelaide build her faith in him? The confusion at this critical stage in the story arises not so much from the complexity of thought involved but rather from the muddled prose. And even so, what are we to make of an ending which leaves us with the attitude—there's nothing left for us but to rot away our lives together?

"The By-stander" is also concerned with destructive love. Set in the same part of Western Australia as "A Haunted Land"—it harks back to the events of the first novel—to the loving, selfish dominance of Maguire over Patrick who was killed after begetting a son by his cousin Jane Leighton. This bastard, also called Patrick turns out a

lame bachelor with a wooden leg and is one of the leading characters of the book.

He marries Diana, a refugee Balt and thereby unwittingly helps bring about the self destruction of Keithy—a simpleton in love with Diana.

A more matter-of-fact story than the others, it is nevertheless peopled by unforgettable characters—in particular, Keithy. To all outward appearances he is nothing more than a "fetch and carry boy." However it is not long before we feel true compassion for this boy of twenty-two with the "curious considering expression in his eyes," who liked so much to have Diana "breathing on his neck" whilst sitting beside him on the tractor, and who spends so many hours with his blind dog, his cat, his cockatoo, "another dog of Frank's," a jockey and a horse—not to mention his rabbit and pet carpet snake.

## Bottles Of Beer

Then there is something sadly humorous in the description of Keithy's first visit to the pub. After being carefully drilled by his companions as to what he should say when purchasing the beer, Keithy steps inside the pub: "He felt less confident when he was inside. The appearance of the bar awed him; he stood inside the door with his hands dangling and a lost look on his face.

The bartender, who had been exchanging pleasantries with a customer, looked up and said, "Yes, mate; what can I do for you?" He (Keithy) came over to the bar and said, as slowly and carefully as John had done: "Give me four bottles of beer."

Cold? asked the bartender. All Keithy's confidence crumbled before the one unscripted question. He stared at the man and asked softly: What?

● Continued on page 4

## Applied philosophy . . . by Fiver

HALF THE TROUBLE TODAY IS BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO ADJUST THEIR VALUES TO OUR CHANGING WORLD



WE ARE NOT ANSWERABLE TO ANY SOCIETY WE'RE FREE AGENTS—NOT SLAVES TO CONFORMITY



AS FREE THINKERS WE ARE ABOVE SUCH OLD-FASHIONED BELIEFS AND PREJUDICES



JUST TRUST ME, DARLING.



FROM SYDNEY

Pinter's 'Caretaker' is set in kitchen

In recent months in Sydney there have been a large number of semi-public gatherings concerned with discussing the drama that has been written in the last fifty years.

People have spoken on the works of the already familiar Continental dramatists Ionesco, Brecht, and Beckett, as well as the more recent works of the British "kitchen-sink" dramatists, Wesker and Pinter particularly.

The other week, in the Great Hall of the University of Sydney, Mr. Norman Marshall gave the first of the 1962 series of Kathleen Robinson Lectures on Drama and Theatre: the topic was "The Contemporary British Theatre."

Mr. Marshall is chairman of the drama panel of the British Council, and advisor to Associated-Rediffusion, and, one suspects, a firmly entrenched member of the Establishment.

He informed us that the most popular piece now being played in London is C. P. Snow's "The Affair," and that British theatre owners have a devil of a job making a living. That people, to be got out of their cosy T.V. homes to see a play, had to be offered something more than just good drama.

A paying theatre must have a bar and a dining room (G.B.S. would love that). Recently, nevertheless, people, and especially young people, have been going in great numbers to see plays which they felt concerned them vitally.

These plays, for want of a better name, are termed "kitchen sink" drama: Scenery is cut to a minimum, the protagonists come mainly from the working classes, the dramatists are concerned with the problems facing the so-called lowly people, and one play took place in a kitchen. People found these plays vital and interesting. Yet the trend in the British theatre is now away from such plays, and back to the more refined drawing room type of thing.

Regardless of the correctness of Mr. Marshall's final assertion, it is evident that we may well give some attention to these "kitchen sink" dramatists, whose plays have been vital enough to make the young get off their bums. (To make one get off one's bum is surely the aim of all art).

And they have been given attention, in a big way, here in Sydney. Harold Pinter's play, "The Caretaker," has enjoyed a very long run, rave reviews, and big audiences at the Independent Theatre.

Alfred Jarry's play "Ubu Roi" — first performed in 1896, the grand-daddy of contemporary symbolist absurd drama—was performed at the Sydney University Union Theatre: and, at a week-end camp at Newport, the Sydney University Literary Society gave, inter alia (between beers?), a reading of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot."

These "other things" — discussion of the contributions of individual dramatists to contemporary drama and theatre, and the contribution of contemporary drama and theatre to human experience, were treated also by Mr. Arthur Ashworth in an address to the Sydney branch of the English Association.

Mr. Ashworth, who had recently returned from a twelve-month theatre-going jaunt around England and the Continent, outlined

\* Continued on page 4

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF HOMO APATHETICUS

As Confessed Involuntarily to our Reporter.

We had induced him to come to the pub with us. It was the first time he had ever been to one with fellow-students (sorry indication indeed of the fellow's apathy!) After a few hours he was spilling out his woes to your receptive reporter.

Shortly after that he also spilled out much of the

beer we had so generously plied him with. What he had to say would serve as an awful warning to all our greenhorns. (The writer uses this word because he feels it lacks the derogatory connotation of "fresher"). The writer would like to emphasise the admonitory tone of this tale — a moral ungot is as bad as a pun unnoticed and he feels that if gentle nudges are not going to have any effect, a

hammer-blow at the outset is the best thing.

Well, there we were, Reporter and Apathetic Man. His unfortunate story began when he matriculated to this institution, a young, hopeful, chaste Arts student, keen to enjoy the (male and female) camaraderie our young university is noted for, but, at the same time, diligently to "suck at knowledge's nipples." For a week or two

he made an effort (or so he tearfully insisted). But somehow nobody accepted his overtures, no one called him friend, no one even remembered the miserable bloke's name.

Gentle reader! Tear your eyes away from this paragraph if you are at all susceptible to the portrayal of abject agony. The Apathetic Man began to slunk the Common Room (that symbol of sociability). He

slunk from his digs to lecture-hall and library and back again, paradoxically half-hoping that no one would notice him, half that someone would (actually nobody ever did).

Although after the first few hours he grew more and more dissatisfied with his work, he clutched at lectures and tutorials as a drowning man at a straw. He worked himself to a frazzle in an attempt (a

gloomy failure) to understand what his teachers were talking about. He never went to student meetings nor joined undergraduate societies. He neither wrote for this journal nor ever even read it. Not for him the joys of the party and the thrills of the dance. (The writer is having great difficulty in keeping his eyes dry).

The Apathetic Man had hated his compulsory hours of school sport and was all too glad to abandon it forever. (Alas! to the great detriment of his physique). At home during his first vacation his dotting parents and sisters were appalled by the staggering change they could see in him. They begged him, in fact they implored him on bended knee to cast aside his stern ambition to join the N.S.W. Education Department.

But though affected by their tender pleas he remained cold and with a whimper turned his back on his dear ones when the new term began, ready to face anew the horrors before him. Ever since then the university has held him in icy thrall. He has now been here six years, and although he occasionally passes an exam, he has never yet made a friend.

A shadow of his former self, a walking and living corpse, the Apathetic Man ekes out a twilight existence. He hates his lectures and his fellows alike. No female greenhorn arouses a spark of desire and manhood in his emaciated frame. No branch of learning titillates his jaded palate. A year of orientation weeks could no longer orientate him.

Reader, scrutinise yourself and beware!

Bible Basher Banters Baptist-Wise

Yesterday I met a traveller from an antique land who asked me if I knew the old story about John the Baptist, Salome and that gang. I told him that I was acquainted with the facts as they are found in the Bible. He sort of smiled and, leaning back in his bed, told me that I had it wrong.

"Man," he said, "they lost everything in the translation. In the original Hebrew it comes out something like this:

"This John the Baptist was no wishy-washy milk-drinking religious fanatic. Like, man, he was a real angry, and had been gaoled many times for playing the cool on the monarchial system.

"When he hit a fallow period he would up pad and take it on the road, winging it far into the desert, where he could watch the stars at night, all alone, and feel companionship for their solitude and their feeble light.

"Like then, dad, as the sun also rises, he would back into the big city and take up in his old pad, a backroom of 'Yeheudi's Catacomb.' When he made in, all the chicks would flock about on the off chance he would take one of them in. But no, for he held that chicks were a pure drag, and although they made for a comfortable living they usually tried to turn the pad, sooner or later, into a home.

"Even if they didn't slide that far, they inevitably expected a steady source of income, which could scuttle his desert retreat completely.

"Now," he said, "I'll wise you about Salome. She was a daughter of the then Queen, but she was no princess. No union, man, she was the coolest of the red-hot chicks. When the Baptist raged about her mother and father being married she supported him on the home front.

"He said that getting married was so traditional that it was immoral. She agreed. This peeved the king a lot because he liked to think that he was still young and could keep up with the young, thought, but this line left him for soup.

"Salome was still a virgin. She had been saving herself to sacrifice her girlhood on the altar of John the B. This was her ideal and every time he hit town she was to be found in the front row of the attendant chicks. However, although he let her visit his pad, and would sometimes take her his poems to read before he published them, she made no progress altarwise.

"This situation could have gone on forever except that the Baptist consumed too much stale wine one night and said acid things about the monarchy until, for the safety of the Commonwealth, they arrested him and locked him deep down, where his flaming beard could not be seen, and the clack of his sandals could not be heard to lead the way.

"Then Salome saw her chance. To-night was the big pagan feast and the King always gave a boon to the best dancer. So she danced. Like, I told you she was existentialist. Well, you couldn't think that a body could move so like honey and air. She peeled like a tree in autumn only there was no winter. As the leaves came off the blossom could be seen. She still danced, and then the music died and she cooled over the king's feet and from the look in his eyes she could have had anything.

"Then, as the slave struck the third hour (a.m.) she asked her boon, the reason for her very existence—

"To bed with John the Baptist, it's late."

"Well, either the king was still hairy from the dance, or else she was breathing hard and couldn't get her words out or maybe the servant had been sucking the keg on the sly, anyhow the message got jumbled. A servant came back and in a clear voice shouted 'The boon — the head of John the Baptist, on a plate!'

"Salome screamed and snatched it from the man, sank to her knees, took one kiss from the still warm lips and fled into the sunrise, leaving the bloody effigy in the king's lap."

The narrator paused for breath and then, still fixing me with his eyes, after the style of the ancient mariner, dissolved into thin air.

RATTIGAN'S TECHNICOLOR MURK THRILLS

JOHN WOODROW on Rattigan's Separate Tables

The Advent of the Angry Young Man on the English dramatic scene caused a revaluation on the part of both writers and audience of the fare which had previously been served up. The drama of the post-war years was approached more critically, and it was, in the main, found wanting.

Critics of the Angry Young Man have complained that all they had done in their quest for "life" or realism or whatever was to move the drama out of the drawing room into the kitchen — or even further.

There can be little doubt, however, that the "drawing room" drama had outlived its effectiveness; its values were too "nice," and out of key with the temper of the 'fifties.

Nevertheless it was not only the Angry Young Men who recognised the weakness of this school of drama. Other playwrights preferred to work more soberly for readjustment of attitudes within the same conventions, rather than angrily to overthrow the whole system. The motives of such men in urging reform rather than revolution are of course open to question — far more was at stake for a writer already with the old formula than for, say, John Osborne, who had nothing to lose if he launched an attack on the conventions of contemporary theatre. Especially was this attack levelled at the complacency embodied in the upper or upper-middle class settings of the popular plays.

Terence Rattigan, on the other hand, is in sympathy with the atmosphere in which the "drawing room" dramas are set. To these admittedly outworn conventions he brings a new lustre with the polish of his stagecraft and dialogue. His characters are as much types as persons—we recognise them in "Separate Tables," not only from life but also from other plays.

The Angry Young Men, and their publicists, have done their work well. We recognise that Rattigan's drama has not the direct relevance to the situation of Everyman that the social criticism of Brecht, say, has. And here we run into difference of concept regarding the use and purpose of the drama. This difference is to be resolved only by the individual's asking himself "Why do I go to the theatre? What do I get out of it?" If the answer is "Entertainment" and just that, then "Separate Tables" is the play for him.

Yet even those who demand more — a relevance to the human situation, a feeling of real meaningfulness, or whatever it may be may find that there is

something refreshing in watching such a refined and polished portrayal of, if not genuine people, at least genuine types of people. After harsher plays have dominated the stage for six or seven years, we find ourselves faced with an unquestionably serious drama but in a somehow lighter atmosphere.

To draw what is perhaps a revealing comparison, albeit an unfair one, Rattigan's drama could be compared with the best type of Hollywood or Elstree technicolour film, and the plays of the Angry Young Men with the serious black and white films which the U.S.A. and Britain produce.

"Separate Tables" is in fact two plays, with a time lapse of eighteen months between their actions. The setting for both is the Beauregard Private Hotel, Bournemouth. The characters are the guests and the staff of this very typical but typically dreary boarding house.

The first play, "Table by the Window," concerns in particular the relationship between "Mr. Malcolm" and his ex-wife, Mrs. Shankland. Miss Cooper, who runs the Beauregard, forms the third of a triangle. Despite the latter's warmth and understanding, her cause is vain, as she herself realises. After much parley and shifts of emotion, Mr. Malcolm and his ex-wife leave to attempt a renewal of their life together.

The second play, "Table by the Window," contains basically the same range of characters with a different pair of protagonists. Major Pollock, a lonely man whom insecurity has forced into role-playing as a maior, and Sybil, victim of a dominating mother, have each found comfort in the other's company. Sexual frustration causes the major to behave indecently in the local cinema, and his sham is revealed. Although this puts him beyond the pale of the small society of the Beauregard, the end of the play sees him reabsorbed into it.

Working within the tradition which I have referred to, Rattigan needs only a few strokes of his expert brush to sketch in enough detail for us to recognise the portrait of the type of character he wishes to present. The basic material is thereby given to the cast to build a range of solid characterisations.

The script lays the foundation for a performance

as a team — each of the characters is given room to move and develop. Giving on the whole a skilful direction and leadership to this team was producer Douglas Skinner, who also played the leading roles of Mr. Malcolm and Major Pollock. This was acting of very high standard in two quite different and difficult roles. The role of Mr. Malcolm gives more scope for the actor to infuse individuality into the part, and Douglas Skinner took advantage of this to give a very strong performance.

The roles of Mrs. Shankland and Sybil were played by Shirley Glover. The former is much more demanding on an actress in that the character is basically an unsympathetic one — especially placed in such direct contrast with Miss Cooper. Nevertheless Shirley Glover brought much conviction to the role, although she lacked perhaps the final edge of desperation in the face of her lonely future.

The supporting roles, except for the young people — a young Oxford student and his girl friend (wife in the second play), are well written and were without exception well portrayed. Although Margery Arnhuu's dominating Mrs. Railton-Bell forced itself to a greater extent on the audience's attention, from the point of view of interpretation, no role could be singled out for praise above the others.

The student's girl-friend has the weakest writing in the play, and it would demand dedication and very great skill to render it convincing. Juliet Adderly, to my mind the only character miscast, was unequal to this task.

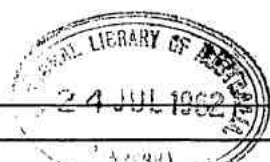
The sets, though well designed to give the actors room to move, were not really successful. Little of the depressing atmosphere of English seaside hotels was contained in either the light dining-room or the odd assortment of furniture in the lounge. I felt that both should have been several shades darker.

Lighting was adequate without being really imaginative. Costuming, once again within the tradition, was fitted to the types presented.

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The Angry Young Men maintain that the theatre should teach us something. We should leave a play either gladder or sadder, but above all wiser men. Now "Separate Tables" has no message for us. Nevertheless it may be accepted as an entertainment, and it is good value for that alone. The play is well cast, and the Repertory has the resources to make the most of such a play as this. Douglas Skinner's production shows just how capably it can do so.

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## Yet another frontier yields to science

Last year Woroni published the chemical analysis of woman. Intensive research has yielded fresh data, and Woroni is now able to publish this complete analysis of one of the most abundant elements of the Earth's crust.

**SYMBOL:** Wo

**ATOMIC WEIGHT:** 124, but isotopes are known covering a wide range of weights.

**OCCURRENCE:** Occurs wherever man is found, and seldom in a free state.

**COLOUR:** Buff, but tends to assume a rosy tint when discovered in a natural state. Turns green in the presence of more crystalline specimens.

**SMELL:** Usually appealing.

**PHYSICAL PROPERTIES:** Generally rounded in form, soft to touch, but hardens when handled carelessly. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. Can be melted with proper treatment, but rarely yields to pressure. Remarkably inert when frozen. Very volatile when hit. Most allotropes are incredibly dense, and careful examination shows them to be isomorphous. Rarely obeys Law of Constant Proportions. Very rare specimens show anti-magnetic properties. Often covered with a layer of calx. Tends to polymerise with age.

**CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:** Very active. Violent reactions when left alone. Shows distinctly acidic properties when heated. Possesses great affinity for the noble metals and absorbs gold to a very marked extent. Automatically opposed to constraint, although equilibrium, when lost, is only restored with considerable difficulty. A very poor reducer, but has been known to catalyse the decomposition of many stable systems. Tends to evolve hot air when placed in hot water. Some samples decrepitate when placed in the vicinity of alcoholic liquids. The outer orbital structure shows a marked resonance.

**ELECTRICAL PROPERTIES:** Unpredictable resistance, varying from infinitely great to almost nil. May suddenly drop or may gradually reduce over a period.

**USES:** Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits. Equalises the distribution of wealth, being one of the most powerful income reducing agents known.

**CAUTION:** Highly explosive in inexperienced hands. The total analysis has so far defied all man's attempts at it. Efforts at synthesis have, however, been carried out at Hollywood.

## RANDOLPH STOW, by Smith

• Continued from page 2

Cold? No, he said, nervous now and bewildered. "I've got a jumper on."

The bartender took a look at his earnest face and raised his eyes to heaven. The customer laughed. The bartender went away grinning and came back with four warm bottles.

It is with this same earnestness that Keithy runs to his death—into the flames of the bush fire that he started—to prove his love for Diana—to give a physical meaning to that seemingly innocent phrase: "I'd go through fire for you."

### Extended Metaphor

If only Stow had continued to write in this vein! But his third novel "To The Islands" has more in common with "A Haunted Land." A much more ambitious novel "To The Islands" tells the story of an ageing missionary, Heriot, who renounces his faith in the mission station which has taken him a life-time to build up, commits what he thinks is a murder and then deliberately loses himself in the wilds in an attempt to find himself. His is a pilgrimage "to the islands"—the mythical Aboriginal name of the land of the dead.

Stow's use of the exploration of the continent as an extended metaphor for the exploration of the soul immediately reminds one of Patrick White's handling of a similar theme in "Voss." In this sense "To the Islands" is especially interesting as another example of a new trend in novel writing by novelists who are concerned to explore within a metaphysical rather than social context problems of the individual's alienation from society and his search for metaphysical identity.

Stow's novel is not, however, very successful. Heriot is too feeble and too vague a character to bear the symbolic freight which he is all too obviously meant to carry but which he all too obviously staggers under. His treatment of Andrew Maguire's madness was convincing because he has taken care to note, analyse and gradually reveal, and to account for Maguire's behaviour. But in his treatment of Heriot's desolation, this same care is lacking and as a result we are left even more bewildered than Stow as to the reasons behind Heriot's actions.

Even more disturbingly present is the uncontrolled element which marred parts of "A Haunted Land." At times Stow flings out almost any fragment of poetry that comes to mind, no matter be it The Blues,

a Welsh hymn, ballads, fragments from Shakespeare or even lengthy phrases from Italian, French, Spanish, German, Latin or Greek literature—all this creating a rather hysterical, overcharged atmosphere which does little to make Heriot's desolation more meaningful. Indeed Heriot's reflections at times appear so artificial and inflated that one is never quite free from the nagging thought that perhaps Heriot's malaise is simply the malaise of being alive—a malaise without any real cause!

Ambitious though the beginning may have been the author seems by the end of the pilgrimage to be floundering in spiritual and emotional depths which he is

unable to fathom. Moreover, his persistent allusiveness to works whose final achievement does measure up to possibly even greater designs, only helps underline the lesser achievement of Randolph Stow. In particular one is reminded of Wuthering Heights, King Lear (note the storm scenes) and The Fortunes of Richard Mahony (Mary's devotion to a mad husband).

But what does all this add up to? Is Stow still a writer of promise rather than achievement? He doesn't seem to have advanced as much as was hoped since his first novel. Yet, even so, it would be very unfair to tag him as "a flash in the pan," just as critics who praise Stow

for what he "might" do in the future do less than justice to what he has already done.

His achievement is considerable though limited, for he seems to be too narrowly concerned with an essentially negative side of human experience and pays little or no attention to the positive values which can be got out of life before death.

It is, however, a quality to be interesting and despite its faults each novel has an element which makes it not only entertaining to read but impossible to put down once begun and impossible to put out of mind once finished. It is in the final estimate living fiction.—BOB SMITH.

## Pinter's play Sydney success

\* Continued from page 3

many of the preoccupations and theatrical methods of the contemporary dramatists Ionesco, Becket, and Pinter.

Such playwrights are concerned to represent the futility and pity of life, the impossibility of effective communication between individual humans; in brief, the absurdity of human existence.

With the above ideas in mind, I went last night to see that much lauded play, "The Caretaker," by Harold Pinter. Imagine the stage set representing one decaying room in what is most likely a condemned building. There is one door, one small window, a set of cupboards, a fireplace and a plentitude of junk.

An old lawnmower, a ladder, carpets, bags, a gas stove that has been disconnected, sundry tins and bottles, lengths of old iron. A green buddha, a broken shopping cart, a kitchen sink and a bed on which a man sits, silently. He sits silently for over two minutes, then gets up, moves towards the audience as if he has something to say, then turns abruptly around and goes out by the door. The crowded room is empty.

Shock tactics? Effective. Enter the light brother and Davies, a tramp. The brother has proffered hospitality to the displaced Davies, is genuinely kind to him, permits him to stay in the room until Davies gets "his papers" which will enable him to establish his identity, will give him status. Davies and his benefactor talk in cliches, don't communicate. This does not mean, however, that the

dialogue is flat, stale, and unprofitable. On the contrary, it is vital and brilliant—Pinter's dialogue, as G. K. Cross has pointed out, is everyday speech made poetry. Pinter has succeeded in writing poetic drama where Eliot, in his later days, failed.

Pinter's dialogue has an almost musical construction of statement of theme ("Nice weather, ain't it?") elaboration, recapitulation, etc.—this near-musical form renders the poetry most vibrant.

To return to the action, of which there is very little. It is to be observed that the intensity of the drama is heightened by there only ever being three characters on stage at once, most of the time two only, in that tiny, junk-crowded room.

There is no space here to give a full account of the plot, but what eventuates is that Davies, or Everyman, so entrenches himself in the room that he even tries to expel its original occupant, his benefactor. Ingratitude, failure to communicate.

Who is this Davies, this Caretaker? He is Everyman; he is not a hero, he is not even an anti-hero as Amis' young men are; he is just another human, the embodiment of the pettiness, malice, ingratitude, and bad-smelliness typical of us all.

He is you, and he is me. Apart from telling us how we smell, Pinter is concerned to present the fact that men just do not communicate. There are, in this play, only two instances of communication: the two brothers have a sense of attachment, and Pinter communicates to the audience the fact that humans

don't communicate.

Pinter's job, like C. P. Snow's, is to open the modern man's eyes to what the Human Condition possibly is; and, despite what that Leavis person may say, both do it very effectively. Pinter is aware, and wishes to make us aware, of the absurdity of human existence—the play exudes the Sartrean tenets of "Anguish," "Abandonment," and "Despair."

The Caretaker is himself a displaced person, a person who can't get his papers: He is the individual man. Romantic poets and Existentialist philosophers have taken great pains to point out that the most important implication of the "cogito ergo sum" is that man is an individual, a self-guiding entity, a responsible being.

We, like Byron and Beau-delaire, in our pride have made a major platform of this; and our twentieth century dramatists are cutting that platform from under us by showing us the inheritance of the individual—ineffable loneliness and a basic incapacity to communicate with his fellow man.

The exciting thing about this play, this "contemporary comedy in three scenes," is that it is theatrically vital. I have spoken of the poetry of its dialogue; have mentioned the dramatic intensity gained by the unity of scene and the small cast.

The play is, to repeat what I have said already, dramatically exciting and vital; it is a moving picture of man's condition which may provoke many to reconsider who and what they are, and then, perhaps, to get off their bums.

DON ANDERSON,

## HOCKEY: P. Bailey president

THE hockey year commenced with a small general meeting at which a new committee was elected. The President is Peter Bailey who is serving for the second year. Vice-presidents are Bill Kitchen and Sam Lake. The exhilarating office of secretary is now in the hands of Ross Crichton, with Ian Crick treasurer and A.C.T.H.A. delegates Ron Weir and Bob Arthur.

Intermittent practices were held on Turner Oval. These were not outstanding for their attendance, chiefly due to their clashing with lectures. A rival group of hockey devotees commenced to practice on Acton and they were able to change the practice to Acton. It must be stressed that players should attend practice to make selection an easier task and allow them to gain knowledge of the idiosyncracies of their fellow players.

A practice match was arranged for Saturday, April 2 with R.M.C. I and II. Two teams played, the first team consisting of a heterogeneous assortment of A and A reserve grade and the second team consisting of a confused mixture of A reserve and All Stars players.

### EXHAUSTION

The games lasted for approximately two and a half hours, each team meeting with three R.M.C. teams. The first team won by 5-3 and the second lost by 3-5. The chief training asset of the afternoon lay in running oneself into condition, and then into complete exhaustion.

The Kenna Cup carnival was held on April 14. The A grade team won its game through a brilliant forfeit to Goulburn Presbyterians. Their next match was at 11.20 a.m., allowing them to recover their usual virility, lost at the Commencement Ball. The game at 11.20 a.m. was unfortunately disastrous for University. They lost to Goulburn Colts 3-1 and were eliminated from the quarter-finals. The goal for University was scored by a brilliant flick by Peter Simpson. University's style of play was disorganised, notably in the defence. The forward line was mildly efficient, spearheaded by Ian Martin and Ron Weir.

### QUARTER-FINALS

The great attraction of the day was the performance of the hitherto unknown University II. Their match was won in fine style—1-0 against Waratahs II. The goalscorer was Ross Crichton. Sweeping all before them, they won their next match in a crushing 3-0 to Parkes. Carrying on their conquest they defeated Old Canberrans II by 3-0. Goalscorers were Ross Crichton and Param Singh.

They entered the quarter-finals of the Kenna Cup on this performance. However, a good time must cease and University were defeated by Waratahs II 3-0. They now qualified for the semi-finals of the Richardson Cup. In a hard fought match they carried their opponents, Old Canberrans, to a nil-all draw, but lost by two short corners. The defence of University was brilliant and centred around Neil Luchmell, Dick Street, George Sarossy and Bob Barbe. Celebrations for the "Misfits" efforts carried far into the night.

It is hoped in the near future for practices to be arranged under floodlight at night. This will be of great value, as the practices will not be limited by the onset of dusk as in previous years.